

THE SIGNALS RUMOR.

General satisfaction is expressed on all sides respecting the Colonial Secretary's promise to the special representatives of local shipping firms to recommend his Excellency the Governor to have an efficient and long-needed system for signalling vessels entering the waters of this colony established at Cape D'Aguilar and the Gap Rock Lighthouses. Now the question is asked: "When will a fog signal be established at Cape D'Aguilar?" Echo answers, when?

THE "ZAMBEZI".

The 'Upton' liner *Zambezi* is still a comfortable resting-place for two of Bullfinch Howell's look-out men, who are there to see that the \$115,000 and \$80,000 worth of the New Oriental Bank and the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, respectively, are not removed from the mainmast.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. George Jackson, late acting chief officer of the Scottish Oriental Steamship Co's steamer *Chowda*, and brother of the popular skipper of the Indo-China Co's *Calcutta* liner *Rutland*, has been appointed master of the Straits-owned steamer *Singapore*, vice Captain Stephens, who relieved Captain Phillips of his command in the Scottish Oriental Company recently, upon his departure for Europe on leave of absence.

THE CONSERVATIVE MAGPIE AND HIS SUCCESSFUL RIOT.

In the prefecture of Hsinling Fu, in the district of Puchih Hien, lived a young Magpie. True he was young, but he was very intelligent, and in the Magpie examinations he had come off so well that though only an entered graduate, he was undoubtedly in very high feather over his success. Upon his return after the spring trial of wit and learning, he was so much in good humor with himself, that he was ready to take command of any gathering of Magpies that might be assembled for any purpose whatever. It was at this time that a circumstance attracted his attention, which he had either never noticed at all before, or only dimly and at a distance. A family of Foreign Devils moved into the neighbourhood, from nobody knows where, for nobody knows what, and they had even gone so far as to build two or three houses, as if the whole country belonged to them to do as they pleased with. Although not so very unlike the Chinese dwellings, these buildings had a few peculiarities, lacking in all well-regulated Chinese houses—they had huge windows filled with panes of glass, which the young Magpie had never seen before, and which he did not at all like. Now that he was become so much of a character, owing to his entrance into the class of Magpie *Huati*, he felt that this was not to be endured without a protest. Accordingly he collected as many of his comrades as he could, and called to them the names of the state of things. "We are to allow these Devils to come into our territory," said he, "to build their horrid structures, right before our eyes, insulting native architecture, as if that were not good enough for them, and nothing done about it?" To this the other Magpies variously cried back, that they had not been at home when the building went on, or it would have been stopped; that it was carried on under some kind of permit from the officials, or some other cause, and common people could not well interfere. To this the excited Magpie replied by turns of cowardice, and remarked that his companions had been corrupted by a 'foreign devil's silver.' The frequent and protracted discussions of this burning question always broke up in confusion, and at last the Magpie resolved that he would discuss the matter no more. It was now time to act. He clearly saw that the most vulnerable point of the Chinese structure was the hated glass windows, and these he resolved to attack. This he did with a great deal of zeal and fury for a long time, using his beak as a trip hammer. The small Foreign Devil who usually sat in the front room during the forenoon, working over sums in Partial Payments that would not come out right, was a good deal disturbed by a sound of distant tapping, and wondered what it was, and he went often on tip-toe to see what was going on. The Magpie tried to get into the cellar through the glass window. "Why don't he come in through that broken pane?" he inquired of his Papa. But his Papa did not know. Nobody knew then, that it was a riot. Yet after all, there was no one in it, but just that one Magpie. But he had to make noise enough for a flock. And he did. The degraded Chinese that so far forgot his self-respect as to work coal and sell opium to the Foreign Devil, put up a scare-crow outside the cellar window, to keep off the Magpie. But he only laughed at it, and perched upon it, and at last he kicked it over, when he was more triumphant than ever. He was more than a match for the invader! Then he left the basement and boldly attacked the main windows on the ground floor, where his furious tapping drowned the sound of conversation, and rose shrill over the steady clicking of the type-writer. Still he kept on, and never gave flagging in his zeal. This he had gone on for some time, when the degraded Magpie that cracked coal stole up stairs one day, and crept into the room which the Magpie was assailing with beak and claw. The Magpie fastened a long stout cord to the half-opened venetian blind of the window, and then he basely waited. Soon the attack was renewed with fresh spirit, and then that Magpie did a cruel deed. He suddenly pulled that string, and caused that venetian blind to come down like the jaws of the trap, and there it was, when the degraded Magpie that cracked coal stood up stairs one day, and crept into the room which the Magpie was assailing with beak and claw. The Magpie fastened a long stout cord to the half-opened venetian blind of the window, and then he basely waited. Soon the attack was renewed with fresh spirit, and then that Magpie did a cruel deed. He suddenly pulled that string, and caused that venetian blind to come down like the jaws of the trap, and there it was, when the degraded Magpie that cracked coal stood up stairs one day, and crept into the room which the Magpie was assailing with beak and claw.

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KOH-SI-CHANG.

1. *Pikermann*, Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
2. *Fish*. Why, as men do on land: the great ones eat up the little ones.

Good morning. I'm not at home. I'm down at Koh-si-Chang. Here I sit, lazy and happy, in the shadow of the cliff looking out at the distant headlands, stretching in a dim line between the sleepy blue water and sleepy blue sky, and I feel that Koh-si-Chang is good enough, and that the best of pick-me-ups is the island here gets from the troubles of life in the capital. Koh-si-Chang can be reached in some six hours, and once landed the victor finds himself (or herself) in the Koh-si-Chang 'oel', which, in the words of the *Daily Telegraph* advertiser, affords "all the comforts of a home." The lord and dispenser of the establishment's comforts is Mr. Müller. Of course all Bangkok could not put up here, for the simple reason that the island contains only six rooms—with separate accommodations for one married couple—but if anyone can make the visitor comfortable it is Mr. Müller. There are two good billiard tables in the hotel, and if a suggestion might be made, the only addition required is a well-kept tennis lawn.

It is not only on account of the sea air and bathing that an abode at Koh-si-Chang is attractive. The charming little chalets dotted everywhere compose the most delightful little pictures, and the roads recently opened are so interminable that excursionists in the near neighborhood are abundant. The whole island is clean and bright, and abounds in pretty parks and shaded promenade, with fine distant views, and under these circumstances it is not at all extraordinary to meet evidences of that passion for exploration known in the breast of man. Here is a tiny island, yet the average visitor, hearing of its newly discovered wonders, is possessed with the same unconquerable desire to become acquainted with each of its myriad nooks and corners that impelled Stanley on his march through the Dark Continent. Koh-si-Chang is their Africa, and the adventures burn with a desire to be its Stanley. One of the chief objects of interest is Phia Chua Chom Kiao Peak, a hill 700 ft. above sea level, where has been placed a flag-staff for signal purposes, and near the summit of which are several picturesque grottoes. At another point of the island—on the side of the rocky range, rising above an extensive plateau—capital training camp has been founded, and here again is another series of caverns, all very large and cool, in which are seen, as in most grottoes of limestone formation, beautiful stalactites of a rich subcrystalline structure, pendant from the roof. The gloomy depth of the largest of these caves, in particular, is calculated to remind the imaginative explorer of the one at Xanadu, where Kubla Khan built his stately pleasure-dome.

"Where Alpha, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to the sunless sea."

Up to the present, if we except some rock inscriptions of an antique nature, no remains of primeval man have been discovered; nothing, in truth, more terrible than bats—*Chiroptera*—not the kind of bats for which the average Bangkokite is so anxious to pawn his alleged character.

But perhaps the most charming spot on Koh-si-Chang is Sanbasat rock, a secluded retreat on the western side of the island, where there has lately been erected a *resort*. Here, looking out on the immensity of blue water and sky, with variable "rocks of ages" in the foreground, and nothing to disturb the almost oppressive silence but the whispering and booming of the waves, and occasionally the plaintive cry of a sea bird, or the "coo-coo" of some amorous dove, the weary mortal can muse upon the pettiness of human affairs, the folly of struggling for "false delights and wealth that are not false and debts with him who departs, after all, is no more than a bubble, as the laureate of Buddhism puts it—

"Life runs its round of living, climbing up,
From mirth and gladness, and weeping, and pain,
And ending in a shroud, and then, down, down,
To do and more again; so are we vain."

The sublimity of the surroundings arouses such philosophy, but in any case the Sanbasat Rock is a capital spot for a book—and your own company.

To be at it is the rule in Koh-si-Chang; but at whatever hour you retire to rest you are always awake early, with the sensation of having had abundant sleep. The air is so pure and bracing that one's sleep is concentrated, so to speak. The spell of complete rest is so securely fastened upon one—no telegrams, no letters, and, above all, no bills—that an hour's sleep here seems to be worth four hours' sleep in Bangkok. If late to bed, therefore, you are not wakened by the clock, and at early dawn doing the porpoise act and waiting to bail the pure golden sunlight that comes dancing to you across the sapphire sea, in which the ruddy rocks of Koh-si-Chang lie reflected for fathoms down.

A pull round Koh-si-Chang before breakfast looks at first sight like what the vulgar Cockneys call "a large order," but the circumnavigation of the island is not impossible under these circumstances. It is difficult to describe the glories of such a cruise. Every tale here told about the midnight lights to be seen in the clear, deep waters of tropical seas, where beds of coral and pearl, and flashing fish and jeweled sea-flowers make up a picture of entrancing beauty. And so it is in the seas of Koh-si-Chang. You can look down on the white sand and rocks and count hundreds of varieties of gorgeous sea-anemones and unsubstantial jelly-fish amid the luxuriant banks of coral and strange submarine growths, with here and there the much-to-be-wondered-at *Hydractinia*. The water is as clear as crystal. Nothing disturbs its calm transparency except the ripples on the waves caused by the strokes of your oars. Cease rowing for a while, let your boat drift lazily on the lake-like surface, and peer into the depths where crabs crawl and the fish lie, or admire the reflections of the majestic cliffs which loom overhead. If you have fish-taking appliances, dynamite for instance—and those skilled in the use of any capture, numberless fish of almost every variety known to Cuvier.

The recent improvements which have transformed Koh-si-Chang from an almost barren rock to a sylvan holiday retreat and health-giving abode have all been carried out with money supplied from His Majesty's privy purse. Among the most notable are the deer park, and the tea-plantations (the best quality known in the Bangkok market), the fruit and mango groves being almost the only kind hitherto known on the island. Of the mango trees—the noblest of which add considerable charm to the landscape—a good story is told at the expense of a well-known nobleman, who, when questioned regarding them by His Majesty, replied "Oh, yes, I planted them all myself." Several of the trees, it may be mentioned, are 150 years old! The artistical well, now some 120 feet well, when water is struck, prove one of the most important additions to the value of the resort. And when the proposed road is made to the western side of the island—where there is splendid anchorage during the N.W. monsoons—there will be no necessity for vessels to load or discharge cargo at the Bay.

Probably there is no place in the world where so extensive a sea view can be obtained as from the hill whereon the flagstaff stands. Of course one does not forget such places as Anacostia, which is simply a mountain peak fitting out for the sea. But here in Koh-si-Chang you have

the ocean all around you. Just now the air is beautifully, and although there is nothing to be seen but the water, the islands, and the distant mainland, with a few fishing boats intervening, and the cruiser and Royal yachts lying in the bay, there is a sense of vastness which entirely dispels all ideas of solitude, and makes one feel that, instead of being cramped up in a miniature island, he really has the whole world at his feet. That is one peculiarity about the island—you never seem to feel the solitude of the place, or that its dimly-litness in any way hampers your movements.

To those who have not been to Koh-si-Chang I would say "Take your sketch book, a couple of books and some of your favourite brands, and go there." Those who have been once need no recommendation to "Go again!"—*Bangkok Times*.

UNDER THE SEA.

THE DREAM OF JULES VERNE REALIZED.

Under the above heading the *Detroit* (Mich.) correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle* writes on April 20th—

The dream of Jules Verne has been realized. The submarine boat which he drew in his vivid imagination has been constructed and demonstrated to be a practical success. The inventor is George C. Baker, of Chicago, and the boat, which has been built in Detroit, was today given its first thorough trial in submarine navigation.

Thinking it would be of interest to the correspondents of the *Chronicle* arranged to accompany Mr. Baker and Mr. H. Humphrey, his electrical engineer, in their experimental trip. There was no great crowd out at the River Rouge docks to watch the start. In fact it had on purpose been kept pretty much a secret. A dozen or so were there, however, and one or two said that when the boat once got down it would never come up again.

The thought was not encouraging, to say the least, but in previous trials the boat had been submerged far enough to make Mr. Baker confident that all would be well. The electric battery had already been charged when the three of us stepped down through the conning tower and closed over us the water-tight cover. The inside of the boat, as lighted by the incandescent light, was much larger than would seem from above. At first we went along the surface toward the Detroit river. Then the requisite amount of water was let into the hull, and the boat began to sink. As it went, it turned, and we began, as it were, to drop.

The sensation was peculiar, there being a feeling like that which comes to a novice on a toboggan slide, but this soon passed away and there was almost a delight in the novelty. The lookout from the conning tower was interesting as the boat sped through the icy water. We went slow at first, but soon increased the speed to ten miles an hour. The boat having the same specific gravity as the water and being constructed on the principle of least resistance, could go ahead down or up as easily as a fish, being able to go faster under the water than on the surface. The tests were continued to some length, and the boat was submerged several times under different circumstances.

The experiments showed that the peculiarly constructed wheels were admirably adapted for submerging and elevating, the boat responding instantly to the pilot's touch. It was also shown that in sinking or rising the boat was kept in a perfectly horizontal position. But fully satisfied, the boat was steered back to the dock. Though the boat contained sufficient air for three men for five hours, the fresh air seemed especially pure and invigorating. It was with a feeling of pride that those on board stepped out on the deck, for they, as well as the mythical Captain Nemo, had navigated under the waters.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Lord Tenynson was born April 6, 1809. The Emperor of Austria has a private fortune of about \$1,000,000. Turgeneff, the Russian novelist, had the largest brain yet recorded by medical science.

When Queen Victoria wears her very best clothes the outfit includes \$750,000 worth of jewelry.

Charles Trenchard, whom the Greek King recently invited to form a Ministry, is called "the Aristides of modern Greece."

Samuel Drake Barnes, who devised the first air-used for the burning of coal, died in New York on the 22nd March aged ninety-two.

The Rev. John M. Small of Wellington, Maine, is not only the pastor of a church, but collects the taxes of the town in which he lives. He weighs 315 pounds.

Mrs. L. M. Lytle of London (son of the G. O. M.) is to marry, is not Arthur James Balfour's sister, as has been currently published, but another lady of the same name.

Senator Morrill is described as the patriarch of American whist players. He has a scientific knowledge of the game and once a week has a select company of players at his home.

Time works no changes with Patti, they say. With the managers it is different, for at Covent Garden thirty years ago she was paid \$200 a night and is now it is \$4,000 a night and a share of the receipts besides.

Queen Natalie of Serbia is trying to find a publisher for her memoirs, which will contain the story of her divorce. The authorities of Berlin and Vienna refused to allow her to print the book in those capitals.

A Chicago paper says that B. P. Hutchinson, the great speculator, who is now in New York, broken in spirit, and that the fortune of \$1,000,000, which he possessed a few years ago has dwindled to an insignificant sum.

Tennessee has six surviving ex-Governors, all of whom still reside in that State. The oldest and most noted of these is Senator Isham G. Harris, who has been in office nearly sixty years, thirty of which have been passed in the Senate.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain receives \$150,000 per annum, which is very far from covering her expenses, and she is invariably heard of ever and anon, in debt, so much so, indeed, that she has frequently been placed in the most embarrassing situations.

The fortune of the Duchess of Montpensier, estimated to exceed \$300,000,000, will upon her death go to her daughter, Countess of Paris. Her only son, Don Antonio, whom she cordially dislikes, will get as little of her wealth, as will her eldest sister, Ex-Queen Isabella.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

A NEW FINANCIAL DEVICE.

"Think Sale" writes to the *Sydney Bulletin*:—At the present time, when the old debentures floated some 25 or 30 years ago are steadily falling due, and the money, with which to repay them is practically insolvent through the blind, unreasoning faith with which he lent his money to Argentina and other broken communities, and new loans are unobtainable in England, while even the conversion of old ones is a matter of exceeding difficulty, the great question of the day is how to dispense with the entire race of London financiers, and raise what money is absolutely needed in Australia itself. Under these circumstances, I would suggest that every bank, insurance company, and other joint-stock financial institution doing business in these provinces which has, or pretends to have, a reserve fund, should be required to invest (say) one-half of that fund in Government securities, and deposit the said securities in the Supreme Court as a guarantee that they really exist, and have not been sold, pawned, mortgaged, embezzled, or otherwise made away with. These bonds could bear interest, if necessary, at 4 per cent; the chances are that, allowing for discount, commission, brokerage, and the enhanced rate now tendered in the British money market, Australia will soon have to pay that amount to the English loan-monger. In any case, I do not suggest this as a means of creating new liabilities—there are more than enough in existence already; but as a device, whereby to raise money to pay off the old ones, the plan has sundry advantages. The principal of these is that it will afford a reasonable amount of protection to shareholders and depositors against their enemy the director, and his brother in integrity, Ananias, the auditor. When the individuals who are invariably never called upon to produce any evidence that it exists anywhere else than on paper; the shareholders and creditors have merely the assurance of the hired Ananias and his employer to that effect. When the explosion comes, it generally proves that the alleged reserve consists of dead men's bills and the I. O. U.'s of men who never lived, or P.N.s signed by miscellaneous scribbles of unsecured debts owing by persons who have quitted the country with the police in their wake, and of similar "assets." If it were provided by law that 50 per cent of the reserve, which every joint-stock company shows in its balance-sheet, should be invested in national securities in the manner indicated, it would then become a matter of certainty that half the alleged accumulations at all events could be found when wanted, and that would be about as much as could reasonably be expected. To name shareholders or directors to find the bonds of a reserve fund, the trouble, as things stand at present, is that he hardly ever finds any of it. Then the company which could not produce its alleged cash would have to acknowledge openly that it had no reserve at all, and would no longer be able to keep up a fictitious aspect of prosperity, and to rook the public on the strength thereof, by passing off its dishonoured cheques, and other waste-paper and ancient rag, as accumulated profits. And if, at the same time, the Australian Government would do away with the device now practised in England of requiring all funds held in trust under wills to be invested in Government bonds, except when otherwise directed by the testator, another convenient method of raising money would be developed and provided the bonds were deposited in the Supreme Court—the orphan would find his patrimony intact when he came of age a great deal sooner than he does at present. These two schemes would benefit the Government much more than benefit the public still more. They are urgently wanted, even if the State made no profit out of them whatsoever, and the fact that they promise to fill a useful gap in the financial system is an additional reason why they should be tried without delay.

THE HONGKONG-ELECTRIC COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE is hereby given that the THIRD ORDINARY YEARLY MEETING of SHAREHOLDERS in the above Company will be held at the Company's Office, No. 6, Ice House Lane, on SATURDAY, the 11th June, at NOON, for the purpose of presenting the Report of the Directors, together with a Statement of Accounts up to 31st April, 1892, and electing Directors and Auditors.

THE TRANSFER BOOKS of the Company will be CLOSED from the 28th May to 11th June, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board of Directors,
CHAS. F. HARTON,
Acting Secretary.

Hongkong, 26th May, 1892.

CANTON DISTRICT.

LOCAL NOTICE TO MARINERS.
No. 42.

JUNK SUNK OFF LANKEET ISLAND.

NOTICE is hereby given that a large JUNK lies sunk in 21 fathoms to the South-east of LANKEET ISLAND, with main-mast standing about 20 feet above high water mark. Lankeet Island bears N. 50° 37' 30" W. Chuen Poo Head "N. 22° 30' 0" W. Soi Chan Pagoda "S. 28° 7' 30" E.

The wreck is marked with a RED FLAG during the day. If possible, a light will be exhibited at night—due notice being given as soon as the necessary arrangements for lighting have been made.

The above bearings are magnetic.
J. H. MAY,
Harbour Master.

Approved,
L. ROCHER,
Commissioner of Customs.

Custom House,
Canton, 24th May, 1892.

WASHINGTON WASHINGTON WASHINGTON
S. Z. Y. K.,
WASHERMAN,
(SITUATED AT NO. 1, PUBLIC LAUNDRY),
No. 1, Kennedy Road, Wanchai Gap,
HONGKONG.

Promptitude and Cleanliness Guaranteed.
Orders can be sent to Mr. LAM ALING,
Hongkong Telegraph Office.
Hongkong, 21st May, 1892.

ASONIC.

ZETLAND LODGE,
No. 525.

A REGULAR MEETING of the above LODGE will be held in the FREEMASONS' HALL, Zealand Street, on WEDNESDAY, the 11th June, at 8.30 p.m. precisely. Visiting Brethren are cordially invited.

Hongkong, 25th May, 1892.

To be Let.

TO LET.
A HOUSE IN KNOTSFORD TERRACE, KOWLOON.

Apply to
THE HONGKONG LAND INVESTMENT & AGENCY CO., Ltd.
Hongkong, 24th May, 1892.

TO LET.
NOS. 8 and 10, WYNDHAM STREET (newly built houses at lower end of GLENELLY).

Apply to
THE HONGKONG LAND INVESTMENT & AGENCY CO., Ltd.
Hongkong, 23rd May, 1892.

TO LET.
"USCULUM" at Magazine Gap.

FIRST FLOOR, No. 1, Blue Buildings.
GODOWN, (under Messrs. Douglas Laiprak & Co's Office).

Apply to
"STILLINGFLEET"—The Albany.
Semi-detached HOUSES, at Magazine Gap, Nos. 2 & 2A, STAUNTON STREET (corner of Old Bailey).

Apply to
THE HONGKONG LAND INVESTMENT & AGENCY CO., Ltd.
Hongkong, 24th May, 1892.

THE great value of Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites in 'Wasting Diseases' is shown by the accompanying statement from D. C. Freeman, Sydney, Aust.—
"Having been a great sufferer from pulmonary attacks and gradually wasting away for the past two years, it affords me great pleasure to testify that the above medicine has given me great relief, and cheerfully recommend it to all suffering in a similar way to myself. In addition I would say that it is very pleasant to take." A Chemist can supply it. A. S. Watson & Co. (Limited), agents in Hongkong and China.—
(Advt.)

Advertisements.

VICTORIA PRECEPTORY.

A REGULAR MEETING of the Victoria Preceptory will be held THIS EVENING, the 26th instant, at 8.30 for 9 o'clock, precisely. Visiting Brethren are cordially invited to attend.

Hongkong, 26th May, 1892.

FOR ILOILO.
"MICHAEL JEBSEN."

Captain Matthiesen, will be despatched for the above port, on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of June. For Freight or Passage, apply to
GEO. R. STEVENS & Co.,
Agents.

Hongkong, 25th May, 1892.

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To be Let.

TO LET.
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Hongkong, 24th May, 1892.

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